Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1916 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Lenten Sermons—1916

BY

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Minister of All Souls Church

AT

The Abraham Lincoln Centre

Cor. Oakwood Blvd. and Langley Ave.

SUNDAYS, 11 A. M.

March 12 . . . . . *America's Opportunity*
A sequel to the series on "Why Love the Battle-torn Peoples."

SOME CHRISTIAN PATH-FINDERS TO INTERNATIONAL PEACE

"Above All Nations is Humanity"

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1916. NUMBER 2

THE CHRIST HAS WON.

"The Christ has failed?" He failed before,
When on the cruel cross.
His spirit grows forever more;
Such love cannot be loss.

"His way has failed?" All else has failed!
We have not tried his way.
The way of hate has men impaled
Who live not as they pray.

Say not the Christ has failed We fail
To heed his word of love.
With us his love will yet avail,
For war its worth doth prove.

The Christ has won, and hate has lost;
His life in men is born:—
When love in hell of war is tost
It proves the spirit's morn.

—*F. M. B., in "The Open Way."*

The Editor of UNITY, on returning to the vacant chair in the sanctum, once more announces his policy of editing UNITY in these troublesome times with the sole end in view of promoting the harmony and not the discord of nations, the unities and not the differences of religion. We have many readers, and some contributors, whom we try sorely because we are not more pro-Briton, pro-German, or pro- something else. In the absence of such active partisanship we are by the same token adjudged as being anti-Briton, anti-German or anti-something else. We confess it is hard to justify a neutrality where so many friends and men of genius and consecration are protesting, and, what is more, so many women and children are suffering pathetically on all sides. But we are not neutral on the question of war and peace. We are anti-war and pro-Peace, believing that war is never the servant of love and righteousness. Even when the sword is drawn for justice and in the interests of righteousness, as it often has been in the past, it has been the wrong way of doing the right thing, and error has been as often vindicated as truth on the battlefield. When righteousness has seemed to triumph it has been in spite of the fell forces of destruction, and its real triumphs have been post-bellum. And so if our blue pencil eliminates pro-nationalism, it is with little sense of wrong to the "patriots" on either side, for, alas, they have free access to the printed pages that convert rivers of printer's ink into bitterness and hatred. By the same process of reasoning UNITY takes increasingly less and less interest in denominational warfare and sectarian issues. Not that we are indifferent to denominational successes, blind to the sectarian economies, or to theological differences, but because these interests have adequate modes of expression of their own, little UNITY must perforce conserve its columns for the benefit of the inter-denominational and pan-sectarian messages of truth, righteousness and love as it conserves its columns for the inter-nationalism that loves all the warring peoples and bitterly commiserates all the agonized battle-torn peoples of all names and geographies.

An anonymous and potent leaflet entitled "War Fallacies" issued by the newly born society mentioned elsewhere,—The Association to Abolish War,—lies before us. Copies of this tract for missionary work can be secured by addressing the Secretary, Wilbur K. Thomas, 12 Hazelwood Street, Roxbury, Boston, Mass. Meanwhile, it is profitable to epitomize these fallacies that seem to "hypnotize many people who ought really to know better than to harbor them." We tabulate the Fallacies:

1. That government ultimately rests on force. It is false as well as perilous to preach that men behave themselves because they are afraid of the policeman and the jail.
2. That we have reason to fear an attack upon our lives and liberty from nations over the seas. The real danger is that people who excite themselves to fear will do or say such crazy things as to stir fear and resentment in the minds of their otherwise well disposed neighbors.
3. That we render ourselves safe by striking an attitude of defiance. Those who think that the doubling of the fist makes for security fail to study human nature.
4. That some kind of duty or "honor" calls upon us to stop intercourse when another has behaved offensively. What nation is so far holier than others, or so void of offense itself as to hold any other nation to be an outlaw?
5. That a nation may rightly engage in war for the sake of her trade or for an "open door" in some remote country.
6. That it is the business of a nation to meddle by force in the affairs of its neighbors. Are we carrying on our own national housekeeping so thoroughly that we have a mission to go abroad?
7. That war can be waged upon principles of honor when it is kept within the "rules of the game." The truth is, that while honorable men have been soldiers, honor and war are incompatible. War is destruction and "hell."
8. A curious fallacy that likens the police to an army. You might as well liken the forces of nurses in a hospital to an army. The soldier must think of enemies. The policeman is to be a friend to everyone.

Finally it is peculiarly the work of the educated and the thoughtful good naturedly to ridicule and root out these sophistical fallacies from the minds of our people and especially from the minds of our youth.

Send for the tract. Distribute it. It rationally enforces the above assertions.

A private correspondent writes, "What are the big peace societies doing? Mostly the work of the enemy. We are evidently up against a long job and we need nothing less than a radical program."

A writer from Boston says, "We live, I suppose, in the hottest war corner of the United States, with the rich and the mighty against us, and all for the want of discussion and information. Over two hundred and twenty-five members have already joined the new Anti-War Association and it is steadily growing. The Secretary of this new association, a Quaker minister, Mr. Thomas, is as staunch as one of the old martyrs. If his entire time could be secured he would be invaluable. Is there no way by which his services could be secured?"

Signs are not wanting to indicate that a reaction is already forming against the movement on the part of President and Congress concerning "Preparedness." It behooves them to hurry matters at Washington, if they wish to realize the present militant program. For when the "sober second thought" arrives, when the schoolmaster and the preacher, that is when science and religion, the economists and the moralists, are heard from, there will be a saner state of mind. If this comes not before the enactment of these laws, than afterward. The legitimate inducements and emoluments of pacific America are too great to make it an easy matter to find a hundred thousand or more young men who are willing to waste the time and opportunity in the field of Mars in time of peace. It is an open secret that it has been a difficult matter to keep the army at its present maximum. The good young men have been engaged in better pursuits and there are not bad and worthless young men enough in the United States out of which to make such an army. Our supply of "Tommy Atkinses" is limited. The same will hold true in this attempt to militarize our high schools and universities. To force young men into military duty is to make them loathe the business. To trust to volunteers is to find short marching lines, constantly decimating.

Only a few times in the history of the Abraham Lincoln Centre has there been so large an audience gathered at the regular Sunday morning hour to listen to the minister of All Souls Church as that which gathered last Sunday to listen to his "Story of the Peace Ship. Did it pay?" Taking time by the forelock, Winnetka, the scene of his earliest ministerial labors, claimed him for a 5 o'clock vesper service and the whole town seemed to be there. Every seat in the Congregational Church was occupied. There were two or three at least in the audience who had welcomed him to his first pastorate and listened to his first sermon after graduation forty-six years ago next June. During the week of his return he lectured at Arlington Heights, Decatur and Granite City, Ill., an industrial suburb of St. Louis, on the same subject. On the 13th of this month he is to speak on the same subject before the members of the Woman's City Club, Chicago, on the 14th before the Austin Woman's Club. On the 28th of March he speaks at Grand Rapids, Mich., and engagements are pending at Wayne and Ashland, Neb., Danville, Ind., and Denver, Colo. Thus are some of the dropped stitches, occasioned by the Peace Ship Excursion, being taken up.

The *Christian Science Monitor,* the conservative mouth-piece of a very large group of American citizens, has officially declared its sympathy with the national policy of preparedness. The *Monitor* has stood all these many years for the abolition of *fear,* not only the fear of imaginary, intangible things, but the recognition and fear of such law-established and substantial things as disease, sin, death and danger of many kinds, all of which are already with us and always menacing. Standing on that clearly defined foundation principle, that journal has gained a most respectful hearing from many more than those associated with its particular cult. It will be interesting to see how the *Monitor* will hold its old position and at the same time consistently encourage the idea of preparedness, the very essence of which is *fear,* and fear of a non-existing and practically impossible-to-realize source of national danger. A. L. K.

War Must Be Unmasked

Still the glamor of romance envelopes like an atmosphere the fallacies which compel good men in our midst to yield to the unconscious infection of the militant microbe. Back of all this "Preparedness" lies the imbecility that dreads attack and the faithlessness that dares not trust truth, justice, righteousness, reason, or, if you like the word, "Christianity," to protect and direct the destinies of nations as of individuals. This fear is to be dispelled only by the long-armed witness of history and the unequivocal demonstrations of science. This fever of preparedness on the part of the most favored and progressive of nations in the face of the awful demonstrations of folly now going on in Europe can be cured only by a more radical facing of the facts.

The most lamentable phase of this recrudescence of the war spirit in democratic America is not its unconfessed cowardice, its distrust of its past history and its future destiny, but its abandonment of the prophetic mission of the United States, vacating its leadership, throwing away its opportunity of putting itself at the head of the pacific columns which millions in neutral, aye, and in belligerent Europe, are waiting sadly for an opportunity to join. The work of the United States is that of hastening to complete the work began by the first two Hague Conferences, the work of ennobling diplomacy, renewing the lost faith

in treaties and international agreements, rebuking and denying the faithless and graceless slur that treaties are but "scraps of paper" unless fostered by bayonets and bombs. No greater libel on the civilization we boast of could be enunciated than this. Of course treaties have been broken as marriage vows have been violated, promissory notes have been evaded, the last testaments of the dead have been ruthlessly broken or defied, but still the business of the world is done on "scraps of paper," and homes are havens of security and marriage vows are still binding.

The learned Novicow estimates that during the 3,360 years from 1300 B. C. to 1860 A. D. eight thousand treaties between nations were sealed and that these treaties held on an average time of two years. Taking into consideration the long stretches of time, the turbulent militancy of these centuries, this result is a splendid refutation of the cynic's sneer and a splendid promise of the better life of the world which is within our reach. If treaties are but "scraps of paper," let legislatures, congresses and parliaments desist, and let courts, from the Supreme Bench down, be adjourned, and the destiny of the world be entrusted to those who wield the policeman's billy, the bayonet and the naval submarine.

It is not the cost of more battleships, nor the withdrawal from the active constructive life of the nation of a few hundred thousand more young men that is the most serious count in this agitation. The United States has boundless resources and can stand more expenditures on this line, although sixty-seven cents out of every dollar of its present revenue now goes to war and warlike purposes. It is the lowering of the ideals of our youth, cheapening the prophet's vision, discounting the ideality of the nation, coarsening the fiber of the rising generation and strengthening the false psychology that is urged at the present time under the delusive words "nation," "nationality" and "patriotism."

The wide degeneracy in this direction is indicated by the confusion of our pedagogues, the militaristic concessions of our universities, the debauching of the press. Even the peace socities of America are largely yielding, either from the confusion of judgment or the prudence of the management. Some are cultivating silence for "principle sake," some are open to the suspicion of keeping silence for the "ducat sake."

In this emergency there is nothing to do but unmask war and to expose it more relentlessly than ever before. To this "hush" policy there are two notable exceptions. The Church Peace Union, with Frederick Lynch as its Secretary, which administers the income of the two-million foundation of Mr. Carnegie, is out against war *per se*. It recognizes that murder is still murder though draped in battle flags. It is spending its income in an active propaganda against this military uprising under the seductive name of "Preparedness." We understand that Washington Gladden and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise are already in the field, following as far as possible in the wake of the President and other campaigners for more armament and more soldiers, hoping thereby to counteract or kill off the mischievous bacilli of the spirit.

Another encouraging worker is the ever reliable Charles F. Dole of Boston, who valiantly accepts the chairmanship of the new organization to be known as "The Association to Abolish War." We dread another sociey and deplore the easy tendency to organization, but there is need of this still another organization to unite the forces that hate war, that such may find adequate co-operative expression.

For this reason UNITY welcomes this new organization and pledges its hearty endorsement of its platform, here reproduced:

Believing that war today is wholly wrong, a relic of barbarism and as odious and intolerable as pestilence and murder, we whose names are here enrolled unite in an organization known as the Association to Abolish War.

We believe that war arises from fear, mistrust, race hatred, commercial rivalry, covetousness and the desire to exploit weaker peoples. It provokes every kind of crime. It is the most cruel foe of women and children. It always uses the poor as its tools. It takes advantage of men's chivalry to destroy them. It wastes the means of human welfare and sets back all progress.

We believe that our nation has no good reason for making preparations to fight and kill; that some nation must sometime have enough moral courage to lead the movement for the abolition of war; that this is the time and ours is the nation; that national defense consists not in machinery to kill but in patient friendly behavior toward other nations, in honorably keeping our treaties, in refraining from interference with the affairs of weaker neighbors for the sake of business interests, and in overcoming mistrust by a sane humanity; that there is no place in the civilized world for armies intended to destroy other armies; and that money spent by us in rehabilitating the suffering peoples of Europe would be a mightier defense than dreadnaughts and bayonets.

We believe in the necessity of a campaign of education to correct the current arguments in favor of war and preparedness which are in some measure misleading peaceful people.

We believe that the virtues of self-discipline, heroism and self-sacrifice which accompany war would also be an integral part of a true peace founded upon national service and international co-operation. We stand ready to accept the personal and national risks involved in the effort to achieve such a peace.

We therefore oppose all efforts to increase the army and navy of this country.

We ask the co-operation of all who dare to hold this faith and who are ready to accept its implications.

We append the names of the Executive Committee of the above organization and commend it to the co-operation of our readers.

Charles F. Dole, Chairman; Wilbur K. Thomas, Secretary; W. Harris Crooke, Nathan Haskell Dole, Christopher R. Eliot, William L. Garrison, Jr., William I. Nichols, Henry H. Perry, J. Edgar Park, Willard L. Sperry. Address all communications to Wilbur K. Thomas, Secretary, 12 Hazelwood Street, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.; Henry H. Perry, Treasurer, 53 State Street, Boston, Mass.

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY"

Sermon Preached November 21, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Into the overarching consciousness that has touched with awe the groping souls of men in all times and in all places, we would enter this morning, Father. We would realize that our lives are related the one to the other and that in this bond which binds each to each we may find the diviner link that connects all men and all nations to Thee—the immeasurable love, unfathomable care, the inscrutable power that holdeth the planets in their places and telleth the stars by their names and comforteth the broken in heart.

Infinite Presence, in this comforting sense of thy nearness we would read the ways of thy providence to the men of far-off times and far-off lands, the tender consciousness of being one with nature, one with prophetic, noble souls of all lands who have lifted temptation and sin from burdened souls. Lift us, Father, into this glad communion by the old but ever new way of worship, by the blessed road of thought, by the divine highway of love, making this home-land of ours a vestibule to that great temple wherein the unbroken family of man will worship now and ever more. Amen.

When a generous man had laid the foundations of the great institution of learning at Ithaca, New York, which is now the pride of the entire country, the lure of academic freedom and the chance of working with and promoting a democracy in which he believed, brought from England one of its most famous scholars, Goldwin Smith. He became Cornell's first professor of history and, in time, one of the most beloved professors on the campus, a scholar respected throughout the nation. When the time came for him to retire from active duty, he left to Cornell University his great library, said at the time to be the most valuable historical library in the country. In addition to this precious gift, he caused a great block of granite to be carved into a comfortable seat whereon two or three persons might rest at once, and into the back of this monolithic bench he caused to be cut in bold letters the words,

"Above All Nations Is Humanity."

To find the meaning of this great motto, to discover the common language of this common humanity, is my aim in this address.

There is a language understood by all nations,—an Esperanto familiar to the untrained. Everybody knows the language of a smile. Everybody understands the language of a tear. A kiss is very much the same in all countries. Pity and kindness express themselves unequivocally in all lands.

Alas, there is also a language of crime that is universal. Hate has a common language. Wickedness finds its expression under all flags. I have in my library a disagreeable book entitled "Famous Assassinations," which contains an account of twenty-five great historic crimes. This list runs through eleven countries. Greek, Roman, English, Swiss, French, Dutch, Russian, German, Swedish, American and Servian peoples have all contributed to this gory list and have thus been initiated into the ghastly brotherhood of murder. Surely there is a brotherhood of wickedness and weakness that at least binds the world together. The fraternity of crime reaches around the globe.

But thank Heaven, there is also a brotherhood of virtue, a brotherhood of grace. The great Mother Church of us all has its "Calendar of Saints," and this calendar forms a cordon of love that belts the globe. England has indeed its St. Augustin, but so has Ireland its St. Patrick, Wales its St. David, Scotland its St. Columba, France its St. Martin, and Germany its St. Boniface; and these are only a few examples of the many, many men and women of all climes who, by the purity of their lives, the sweetness of their dispositions, the devotion of their hearts, have become citizens of the world.

As there is a brotherhood of virtue binding the world together, so there is a brotherhood of genius. Great souls will not stay penned up within geographical limits. When we speak of Homer, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and the unknown author of "Job," we lose all sense of time and space. We do not need a map to place them. They belong to the world. When we call the roll of our own noblest,—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Emerson and Lincoln,—we dare not make exclusive claims to them. The world has long since recognized its own.

As there is a brotherhood of saintliness and of power, so is there a brotherhood of beauty that encircles the globe. The great artists, whether they be those of brush or chisel or the great tone masters of the world, speak a language intelligible to all the world. One needs no lexicon to understand the Sistine Madonna. St. Peter's Dome is a polyglot that speaks an intelligible language to the endless diversity of humanity that flows like an endless river around the benignant and hospitable pillars below. The music of "America," "Nearer My God to Thee," the "Marseillaise," adapts itself readily to the metered words of many languages. The words are local, provincial, national, but the tunes are universal. They speak to the soul in all climes.

Once more and the last count! The fundamentals of religion reach through all creeds, below all forms, and beyond all nationalities. Many names, but one God; many rituals, but one upreaching of the soul; many forms of penitence and petition, but the same contrition and confession of the humble and devout soul of every faith. I have a book in my library entitled "A Book of Worship," compiled by an Episcopal rector, a Unitarian minister, and a Jewish rabbi. The principle of compilation was to accept nothing that did not clearly appeal to each. So they searched the sacred scriptures of many faiths, the prayers of the saints and sages of all ages, the sayings of prophets of all climes, and the result is a book of impressive sweetness and great directness, a book of simple faith, intelligible to and beloved by simple souls everywhere. Christian and pagan, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, orthodox and heterodox here meet at a common altar. Devoutness and service, love and hope, pity and trust constitute the ritual of universal religion.

In view of these great insistent ties that bind each to each and all to the Infinite, may we not devoutly say with Goldwin Smith,—

"Above All Nations Is Humanity."

I have passed in review the battle-torn peoples of

Europe. I have summoned them on Sunday morning and in church to appear and give reason for their being beloved,—their claims upon our love. We found that England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia and Turkey were each of them the inheritor of a vast spiritual wealth,—of a great company of brave men and loyal women. Each conserves the traditions of consecrated generations, of toiling centuries. We found that all of these nations are more or less impressed with the binding quality of their trusteeship, more or less conscious of the great responsibility placed upon them. So profoundly are they impressed with their obligations to the unborn that they are pouring out their life-blood like water in defense of this inheritance.

But we also found that these peoples, though earnest and devout, are infatuated with the pitiful and, at the same time, damnable conceit, that each is possessed of treasures that are peculiar and unique. All of them are alike touched with an arrogance based on lines that are ever fluctuating. All are alike blinded with an unscientific and unphilosophic conceit that their inheritance can be preserved at its maximum only by keeping it inviolate in the lines already established and in their own possession. They have assumed that their destiny in the future is dependent upon preserving the externalities of what they call their "civilization" and their pre-eminence.

The saddest thing of all is that this logic of partiality, this theory of a partial God on the part of each nation is lowering its own ideals, debauching its own people, disintegrating the saving ideals of its prophets and sages, dissipating its dream of brotherhood and its faith in fatherhood.

This orthodoxy of nationalism is tearing the seamless robe of the eternal Christ whom the nations alike affect to worship. The battling nations are guilty of a desecration from which even the Roman soldiers at the foot of the Cross desisted. Even they did not dare lay vandal hands on the robe that was "woven throughout without seam."

It is pitiful to see these powers lending themselves to a degenerate bitterness from the inspiration of the belief that each is engaged in the Lord's work. King, Kaiser, Czar,—each has sent forth his men to battle with devout invocation to the Most High to guide them. King, Kaiser and Czar,—each believes his men have gone forth to protect the destiny of humanity. But the springs of their inspirations are unreal, artificial, mutable, and because they have failed to realize their common humanity they are now devastating Europe. They have mistaken friend for foe, brother for enemy.

What are we to do with these inspired—let me select the word carefully—patriots; these mistaken men, in whom love of country has thwarted, if not strangled their love of humanity? I will not say with Doctor Johnson that "Patriotism is the last resort of knaves," though I am sometimes glad that he said it, that I may have it to quote, but I do say unhesitatingly with George Eliot that "Patriotism is the virtue of narrow minds." "He knows no language who knows but one" is the dictum of the schools. By the same token I say,—he loves no country who loves but one!

The lines of protection, love and right, reach beyond the geographical boundaries of nations, and when this war terminates, as some day it will, it will not be through the exaltation of one power and the humiliation of others but, through the rough discipline of nature, all will be compelled to acknowledge more or less clearly that they have misunderstood and misinterpreted one another and assumed interests, which were really identical, to be antagonistic.

The world is not partial to conquerors. History has been indifferent to battlefield triumphs. Destiny has hastened to cover with the dust of oblivion the sword-wielders of the world. The civilizations builded on force have gone down, and the boasting dominions of today that would stay their tottering power with bayonets and bombs are doomed by the decree of the Eternal, who has so ordained that love and tenderness, fellowship and justice, righteousness and peace shall ultimately prevail.

I accept the challenge of the cynic who finds in China a grim realization of the fate of any pacific nation. Yea, verily, look at unarmed China. Her people have devoted themselves through the milleniums to constructive industries and her triumphs are the triumphs of labor. China alone has survived the stress and storms of forty centuries. It has survived by virtue of its pacific character and, if it is not debauched by the militancy of the western world, it will continue until out of the sweat of honest toil it evolves the republic that China is not yet prepared for, a democracy not yet realized.

May God help us to eliminate from our patriotism the conceits of today, to purge our democracy of the cowardice that would revert to the protection of increased armament, multiplied battleships and the unreliable safeguard of bomb-makers and bomb-throwing.

Perhaps the most searching poem of the war is one entitled "Five Souls," written by an obscure bank clerk heretofore unknown in the realm of letters. In this poem the spirits of a Pole, an Austrian, a Tyrolese, a Frenchman, a native of Lorraine, and a Scotchman, having been torn from their bodies on battle fields, chant us back the same refrain:

I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

The Fuller sisters of England, now singing in America, have adapted these lines to an impressive musical movement from Beethoven. In a quiet midnight after listening to the song there came to me an additional stanza, a chorus of the "Five Souls," after they were touched by the higher knowledge which has reached them in "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

On God's eternal hills we now do mourn;
Our broken homes with wives and children dear.
That we were brothers then, as now, 'tis clear.
For war is hate and leaves the world forlorn.
We lost our lives through error, now we know:
For love supernal, it doth teach us so.

Father, help us to love what is lovable in all tribes, clans and nations. Help us to turn from and leave behind what is despicable in all lands and countries and peoples.

Amen.

When Viscount James Bryce declares that America leads all the world in its relief work, it is becoming for us to reply that considering our vast resources and our present prosperity we have not even done what was our duty to do.

"What America Means, and How to Americanize"

By Edwin A. Rumball

In a democracy such as we are trying to build in this land, it is of the utmost importance that we should appreciate the manner in which alien factors may unconsciously shape our national destiny. America may mean one thing to the native and another thing to the immigrant, but somehow and some time it must mean one thing to all. Just how far, and in what spirit, we can make America a common inheritance and a common ideal, can be seen if we follow intelligently some of the following principles of assimilation.

However high may be some of the ideals that the new-comer brings to our shores, we are not without obligation to our own past. We have a constant need for the national defense of our spiritual inheritance. The assimilation of new peoples has always led to great economic, significant biological, and important moral changes in the nation which has received them. If the new citizen is without education, or has an imperfect sense of civic responsibility, or has low sanitary standards, or is oppressed by unreasonable labor conditions, he becomes a menace, not only to himself, but to the community in which he lives. He does not live unto himself. If his standards are low, our own are lowered. America's greatest assimilation problem is not, what shall we do with the immigrant? but what will the immigrant do with us? It is needful, therefore, that we should guard the best our fathers have given us; but rights are only guarded as they are passed on to those who must defend them after we are gone.

In the second place, we must receive the new-comer as we would wish to be received ourselves. We admit that he needs our help, let us also admit that we need his help. We do not want him to merely imitate Americans, we want him to co-operate with us. Every nation has something to give, and citizenship in the immigrant, will be developed far more by what he gives than by what he receives. A personal knowledge of the best members of all the races which have come to live with us, will make clear this fact: they come here to work, not to receive charity. We have followed generous instincts in meeting him with settlement houses, but if our gift destroys giving in him, we shall violate one of the fundamental principles of democracy. No true man loves to be patronized. All methods of Americanization must enlist the co-operation of the immigrant or they will fail. We shall be helped in accomplishing this if we will obtain an understanding of his old loyalties. He must not be alone in extending his knowledge, we must extend ours. He must know America, but we must know Italy, we must understand Poland, we must be intelligent and not prejudiced in the presence of the Jew. Too often the real foreigner in our cities is native born. He lacks that cosmopolitan sympathy and largeness of heart, which make the best citizens in every land. When the immigrant sees that we understand him and appreciate the land of his birth, his prejudice falls. It is not enough to open the gates of America to him, he must be encouraged to open the gates of his heart to America. Then he is a citizen indeed. We can never abolish the spirit which finds expression in so-called hyphenated Americanism, till we release it from its limitations and narrowness. It always will be true that they who love the best in their old lands will be most apt to love the best in America. The man who is a bad citizen in Italy is apt to be a bad citizen in America. We want men and women for our new citizens who have always loved their communities. Rome was not loved because she was great, but great because she was loved. We must make large our own sympathies and win the love of all new peoples, for in citizenship as elsewhere, love will lead to the fulfillment of law.

Americanization means a full and efficient education for the children of the immigrant. It means not only an understanding of the language, but a knowledge of domestic arts and a trade by which they may gain their living. Americanization means the making of better homes, homes where the immigrant mother can understand her American daughters; homes where the domestic standards are in keeping with those seen by the father and the sons in better quarters of the city. Americanization means a cultured use of leisure, training in civic responsibility, and political idealism. That so many of the immigrants today do not enjoy these American rights, makes our duty plain.

To meet these needs, we must first of all make the fullest and highest use of that greatest of all American universities—the School House. Every community has a plant already with which to begin the work of Americanization. So well is this work already being done for the children, that we can afford to omit reference to it here, and pass on to what it may do just as efficiently for the immigrants who are not at school; the older brothers and sisters in the factory, the father and the mother. The immigrant mother is the most neglected of all the immigrants in our various civic schemes to date. But we do not Americanize the immigrant home, unless we Americanize the mother. It is a curious illusion that we have, which leads us to credit the Pilgrim Fathers with so much that started America on the right road. We all ought to know that they could not have done their work half as well if it had not been for the co-operation of the Pilgrim Mother. The new America that is being born today must not forget that an unassimilated mother may retard the Americanization of a family for two or three generations.

The mother is being best reached today through the settlement and the housekeeping center, but it is time that we thanked these private generosities and permitted her to share in the civic rights which are hers in the School House. The kind of activity which can best find expression through the school houses towards this end, is best outlined in the publications and bulletins of the National Social Center Association, with headquarters at the University of Wisconsin. In brief, it outlines the use of the schools for the teaching of the language, the domestic and technical arts at evening schools, the arrangement of social entertainments and evening amusements, dancing, moving picture shows and gymnastic work, mother clubs, and public discussion in open forums of local issues for the general improvement of all. Classes in citizenship, directly teaching self-government should accompany all of the above indirect methods. In

some cities it has been found wise to continue the language schools throughout the summer evenings. The earnest immigrant does not desire a vacation from the task of learning that, on which so much of his future depends.

If the will of the American people has been expressed in the decision that there shall be no literary test at the port of entry, we ought to insist more than we do, for literary, and its consequent civic, efficiency after entry. The states admit the rule of compulsory education, on the ground that the interests of the state demand an educated democracy. This principle, already applied to our children, might be extended to include the immigrant. In many ways they are but children. The present tests and questions given at the average Naturalization Court could well stand improvement. Some education should be compulsory upon all who wish to spend more than ten years in this country, whether they wish to become naturalized citizens or not. The rights of the community demand this, and if some approximation of its benefits could be obtained, there would be no need for any further effort to saddle a port-of-entry literary test upon the country.

The direction of this process of Americanization through the school houses, could be placed in the hands of principals and civic secretaries. The principle involved is already admitted in the use we are beginning to make of outside teachers. The visiting teacher, the school nurse, the domestic educator, the playground director and the social center superintendent are all outside offices and they indicate a healthy tendency on the part of American schools to recognize that education has obligations to the community, which cannot be met within the four walls of a school room. In time, such school representatives will take the place of the old-time charity visitor. They may even become civically minded enough to meet the community need which the ward-heeler meets today, only meet it on the unselfish plane of service to all. The opportunities for service in this direction are almost limitless, for the school can appeal to all alike. It has none of the objectionable features that sometimes attach to settlements, it will be expressive not of the good will of a few rich, but of the common will of the entire people. Numerous cities have experimented with this method of Americanization and with success, but none have yet worked it as fully as it can be worked.

This educational campaign in the interests of America, and its enshrining in the hearts of its new citizens can be further helped by intelligent publicity. If the great religions and ethical cultures of the past were founded on the behest: "Know Thyself!" the great democracies and co-operations of the future must be built on the command: "Know Thy City!" Every city should have an advertising manager whose duties should not be unlike those of an advertising manager of a large business house. It shall be his duty to advertise the goods of the city, not its manufactured products so much as its civic products. Printer's ink should be used in the language of all the races within the city limits to tell of the factors which make for citizenship. The United States Bulletins on Child Welfare and Agriculture point the method for a new kind of bulletin, deserving of the franking privilege far more than many a campaign speech. There should be an issue of civic bulletins in popular style, in many languages, dealing with such subjects as the various aspects of child welfare, health bulletins on all aspects of child culture and prevention and cure of disease, leaflets on minor subjects such as Play, Use of Parks, Use of the Libraries, Foods, Clothing, Factory Laws, Citizenship, and scores of other subjects, information regarding which would add much to the civic efficiency of all new people. Investigations made in some immigrant colonies reveal the fact, that but a small percentage know where to find the public buildings, or know what to do, in order to find the parks, the baths, the libraries, or even the nearest doctor. Mothers have been known never to leave the street on which they live. A "Know Your City" campaign conducted in the immigrant colonies could not but do much to help forward the work of Americanization.

Much of this publicity is needed because Americans have removed their homes from the sections in which the immigrant lives. In every city we see the exodus of the native as the immigrant line widens. There are doubtless better reasons than prejudice to account for this leaving, but even native Americans may make mistakes and overlook certain splendid compensations which come from proximity to an immigrant colony. More than one American family has found that by remaining, they have been able to become friends to the new citizen, and more than one American home has slowly taken upon itself the character of a settlement house, with all its social idealism and its ethical satisfactions. In this age when so many young married people are looking for service in some civic or social capacity, this ideal of home-making near the immigrant, offers a great chance for good. Immigrants see so little of the inside of real American homes that it is no wonder that their own homes are so slow in catching the spirit of America. Not many will want to do this, but in every community, there can be found some who will be captured by its opportunity for civic service. In this work as in all the rest which is related to the immigrant the motive should be communal and civic, not religious or churchly. In few realms of civic effort is there more need for mutual respect and honor for each other's religion. To some immigrants it means so little, that their very neglect of it makes it a dangerous subject to discuss with them. To many it means so much that, whether we agree or not we are bound to respect it. Nothing will neutralize our work quicker if we are careless in this matter.

In the last place, and as a result of the preceding efforts towards Americanization, we should have a dignified entrance upon citizenship. No one of the above methods of Americanization is theoretical with the writer, they are all the result of practical and personal knowledge and experience. He is himself an immigrant and has officially shared in all the schoolhouse methods suggested and has edited with others many bulletins of the kind advised. So, in regard to this matter of entrance upon citizenship, for the last five years, he has been city chairman of a welcome-fest which his city has given each year to all the newly naturalized citizens, and the method followed has been as follows.

It is a simple procedure to obtain the names and addresses of all the men who have been naturalized during the preceding twelve months. These can be had from the clerk of the Naturalization Court of the county. The press should be used, especially the im-

migrant press where it exists, to call attention for weeks before-hand to the coming Americanization Day. If a Fest is to be held, there should be an effort made to know the number expecting to be present. If there is only to be a Welcome Meeting, with addresses by chief citizens, then a dodger announcement in native and foreign languages may be sufficient. If the city is too large to accommodate all, the exercises can be held in the school houses, and more than one held, in different parts of the city. This may well be done, if the twenty-one-year-old American youth take part with the new citizens, as guests of the city on this day. This last suggestion would do much to encourage all the new citizens to come, for it would help them to feel that they were not being singled out for special initiatory exercises. Experience shows that British, German and the wealthy element among the new citizens are very loathe to attend, but this could be largely overcome, as the Welcome was extended to all new voters, whether native or foreign. It would also enable those communities which have few or no immigrants to hold such a festival for their own youth.

We do not feel that a program of a Fourth of July Welcome Fest or of a Patriotic Pageant, fully answers the question of Americanizing the immigrant. This program should be simple, in order that each community might be led to see that every day should be an Americanization Day, and that for twelve months in the year, some of the foregoing suggestions should find civic expression. Where the Fourth of July has been found to be inconvenient, because of the fact that so many go out of town on that day—and even immigrants love to be far away from downtown halls at that time—Washington's birthday has been found to be more suitable.

When the fiftieth century comes, as it will some day, our children will look back on these infant years as among the proudest of our history. For during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the land was rejuvenated with some of the best bloods of Europe. Blood will tell, and we can be patient.

REBEL.

O take me, break me, peaceless life!
My soul was born to welcome strife!
O sap my heart of its deep blood,
If blood be Beauty's precious food!
There is no thing I would not give,
There is no hour I dare not live,
There is no hell I'd not explore
To find a hidden heavenly door!
O loveless spy, you wait in vain,
There is no pity in my pain,
If by my living I may prove
Faith and beauty, truth and love!
Twisted, shattered, drained, and wrung,
I shall have sung! I shall have sung!

—*Irene Rutherford McLeod.*

The House of Laymen of the established church at the convocation of the Archbishop of Canterbury in London refused to put itself on record for practical prohibition. A resolution urging that liquor be used only for medicinal purposes was amended before passage to express merely the wish for moderation in the use of liquors.

The Power of the Movies

In the days of Emerson it was the platform lecturer and the pulpit orator who, to a great extent, were the molders of public sentiment in America. In the eighties and nineties the newspaper was the great opinion-breeder. In the first decade of the present century, the great magazines wielded an incalculable influence over the thought and life of the American people. Today, the sociologist who would rightly measure the currents of life and action in this country must begin to take the "movies" into account. The motion picture, like the theater of the last few years, is rapidly evolving from a mere pastime, an amusement for an idle hour, into a power to be reckoned with, a tremendous force let loose in the world for good or evil. It is no less appalling to contemplate the future of this gigantic instrument manipulated by irresponsible and conscienceless wealth than it is inspiring to anticipate its possibilities in the realizing of worthy ideals. In its lower forms the photo-play appeals to the baser emotions with perhaps the greatest combination of facilities yet known to the world of art. In its higher forms, though it has not yet fully come into its own, it gives promise of the power to re-create the world of literature and, joining it to art and song, effect a synthesis of arts which may yet reach the high-water mark of the creative spirit of man; while the ease with which the films are multiplied and sown broadcast over the land may well cause one of little faith to tremble at the possibilities for the making of venial art the tool of unscrupulous wealth.

The "Battle Cry of Peace," which is now making its rounds through the country is a photo-play of tremendous power, with its complexity of motives presented, while the splendid acting of its leading man, Charles Richman, goes far to redeem the play from its crudities and exaggerations which this form of art has not yet outgrown. It is, from start to finish, as the title might or might not indicate, a plea for "preparedness," and makes its appeal in many ways to the highest loyalty and the noblest instincts of men,—fathers, brothers and husbands. It was the present writer's privilege to witness the apparently powerful effect of this play on one audience composed largely of susceptible and enthusiastic youth. This audience is being multiplied many times in all parts of the country to the same purpose and presumably with equal success in sentiment-making. It is not altogether unthinkable that the balance of opinion on the question of increased armaments in the United States may be turned by this very play.

To the thinking mind, however, the force of this play as a breeder of opinion may be somewhat discounted by the fact that the argumentative portion is largely supplied, both textually and graphically, by Hudson Maxim, the American Krupp, consulting engineer and development expert in the great Du Pont, de Ne Mours & Company explosive factory and powder mill at Wilmington, Delaware, a man whose financial and business interests would seem to be closely involved with the fate of the market for munitions of war. If worst comes to worst and we must prepare

for war, let us see that we are compelled by calm judgment and not by the frenzied appeal to hysterical emotion or the interests of "big business." Meantime, who will write the great photo-drama of Peace?

E. H. W.

A MORNING PRAYER.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. —*Psalm* 5:3.

Lord, when from out the eastern skies
The dawning daylight falls,
To thee I lift my waking eyes,
On thee my spirit calls.

Before me lies the unknown day
Through which my feet must fare;
Oh, for thy guidance on my way
I lift my heart in prayer.

Thy mercy through the darkness past
My life in peace hath kept;
From heavenly founts of strength thou hast
Refreshed me while I slept.

Oh, may my powers of mind and soul,
Through grace divinely free,
Unto thy service and control
More consecrated be!

Write on my heart thy law of love;
Keep of my lips the door;
Thy faithful helper may I prove
To thy entreating poor.

When on my path life's joy is shed,
My grateful love increase;
When Baca's vale of tears I tread,
Be in my heart thy peace.

Thus may my trustful days go on
Till, led and taught by thee,
Mine eyes shall greet the golden dawn
Of heaven's eternity.

The Continent. —*Helen Ekin Starrett.*

A PROPHECY.

The clouds are parting. Look, from out gray day
Come forth, of stalwart men, a vast array.
With heads erect and steps both firm and free,
They are the blossoming of Liberty.
See, they break rank. Some work the pregnant earth,
And stop not' 'til it yields its kind, in birth
Of flower, or fruit, or herb; and others go
To build the cities, passing to and fro,
Alert and eager. In the business mart,
Still others find a large and growing part.
And yet they pass, an ever valiant throng.
Physican here and priest; and now along
The highway, in the distance, we can scan
The players on those wierd, sweet pipes of Pan.
Comes one with brush and pallette, he who paints,
"Within the veil," our heroes and our saints.
And those who dwell within the deeps of thought;
Whose gifts the nations seek; whose vision, wrought
In travail, brings forth fruit an hundred fold.
Is this the prophecy? The tale is told.
We are no longer now a hidden part,
But *one*, with all this world's great throbbing heart!

—*R. H. H.*

Even with the tremendous need of the Allies for more munitions, Lloyd George is opposed to Sunday labor in the factories. The "little Welshman's" Nonconformist bringing up still controls the now famous Cabinet Minister.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

IV.

Constantine and Julian

"I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body."—Julian.

The names of Constantine and Julian are necessarily associated the one with the other and are pivotal names in the history of the Christian Church.

Constantine accomplished three conspicuous things. First, he made Christianity a State religion, changing the Roman Empire from a persecutor into a protector of the Christian religion. Second, he founded the city of Constantinople, made a new capital for the Western Roman Empire, which to this day is a city to be reckoned with. Third, he gave to Christianity the Nicæan Creed, economically and ecclesiastically speaking a tremendous achievement. We have rather an obscure account of the baptism of Constantine, supposed to have taken place at the close of his life and the rite administered by an Arian and not an Athanasian priest. It is quite generally conceded that Constantine's Christianity was scarcely skin deep, that he was never profoundly impressed by it and he has never been credited with any spiritual leadership, perhaps barely weaned from the social paganism of his time. But he was a clever enough politician to see that the civic power was kicking against the pricks when trying to fight this new movement. The orthodox ascribe his adoption of Christianity to the alleged vision or dream in which he saw a great banner in the skies upon which was inscribed a mystic symbol, declared to him by Greek scholars to be the first two letters of the Greek word Christos, interpreting the dream *Hoc signo invictus,* "By this sign thou shalt conquer," afterwards inscribed on shields, helmets and banners of Constantine's army.

Another fiction that has gathered around the name of Constantine is one against which the whole polemic power of the Protestant Church has been thrown, but upon which the whole of the present Roman Catholic secular economy is based, known as the "Constantine Donation." Tradition has it that Constantine, after having been miraculously cured of leprosy, in return for the divine service granted him, donated to the Popes of the Christian Church the secular control of Italy and the whole western empire, and granted authority to the Pope to wear the insignia of political power, the triple crown, etc. The Church of Rome has been exercising its political functions all these centuries on the authority of the "Donation of Constantine." Therein lies the grief of Rome over its defeat in Garibaldi's time when Italy threw off the

papal power. Now the good Italian must divide the question. His allegiance to the Church of Rome must still hold but he denies its claim to civic authority. He is subject to the King in civic but to the Pope in religious affairs. Protestant scholars find no evidence of the existence of this "Donation" in writing of any kind until sometime between the middle of the eighth and the middle of the tenth century. It is evidently a document forged by the priesthood, framed as authority for civil power. So the Catholic Church came not only to have a spiritual domination over the Christian Church throughout the world,—the Pope the Vicar of Christ on earth, vice-regent of God through the church, the authority continuing in bishop and priest,—but in addition the Roman Church claims that modern Italy has deprived the Pope of the political rights which belong to him by virtue of his descent from Constantine. Hence the Popes have gone into voluntary exile in the Vatican.

Constantine's dates are something like this: In 323 he saw the sign, in 324 changed his capital from Rome to Constantinople, 325 called the convention at Nicæa to decide on the creed, over which he presided, and in 332 or 333 he died. He left three sons, Constantine II, Constantius II and Constans, all evidently unworthy. They tried to rule jointly but in their wars two were killed, leaving the kingdom in the hands of Constantius, the second son. While it was usual for Emperors to kill off all relatives who might prove troublesome, two nephews of Constantine had somehow escaped; Gallus, supposed to be smitten with a mortal disease, and Julian was a bookworm. The story goes that these boys were sent some distance from home and probably grew up under the influence of a Christian teacher. Constantius finding himself inadequate, sent for Gallus to take charge of an army—doubtless a political move. Gallus did not last long and Julian was called to take charge of the western boundary, the fluctuating line between the Romans and the Gauls and Germans. And this scholar, this "sissy-boy," a man with no military training, was equal to the job. He organized his army, proceeded against the enemy, routed the Germans and pushed on clear to Paris. He made such a success that when trouble broke out in Mesopotamia in the East, the Emperor begged him to protect his eastern boundaries. Julian, like a faithful soldier, prepared to leave his army in Paris, but at a farewell banquet his soldiers declared him Emperor by acclamation. Julian was forced to accept the position, started back, ready to challenge his right to the throne as given him by his army. But as he approached Constantinople he was met with the news that the Emperor was dead. Julian, the scholar, with academic training, who knew Plato and Sokrates, loved the poets, came into power. This scholar made mighty poor material for dogmatic Christianity as it had been developed then. While sick of the fuss and feathers, the organization and dogmatism, recoiling from the monastic tendency to abuse the world, he was at the same time able to understand the better side of the old religion, which was being laid aside and which primarily was a religion of beauty, music and all the refinements. The spirit of Julian was in accord with the Edict of Milan, which had been issued at a critical moment by Constantine:

> We grant likewise to the Christians and to all others free choice to follow the mode of worship they may wish, that whatsoever divinity and celestial power may exist may be propitious to us and to all that live under our government.

The story of Julian is a story of Greek culture making one more effort to establish itself in the presence of monastic and ecclesiastical Christianity. Julian has come down through the ages as Julian the Apostate. However, the later books, instead of using the name in reproach, are doing much to redeem the reputation of Julian, and it is interesting to know that such a man as Edwin Arnold named his son after this Emperor. We do not want to think of the Greek religion as simply a system of polytheism. It did not succeed in staying because it did not get into it that touch which after all is the most lasting, persuasive and hopeful thing in the world, that is, the religious spirit. What Julian tried to do and failed was accomplished to a very large degree by the heroes of the Renaissance, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Savonarola and the rest of them who brought about a revival of interest in the classic culture of art and letters, represented by the word Renaissance,—the new birth. That is what Julian tried to do.

The story of Julian's career is briefly told. As Emperor he headed his army eastward. At Cappadocia he came in contact with a tribe of Christians who ridiculed and opposed him. It was the Christianity that was be-frilled and furbelowed and æsthetic. Instead of meeting them with authority and oppression Julian undertok to use argument and ridicule. Perhaps the one regrettable incident in the life of Julian is that in which he stooped to write his "Misopogon," in which he testified to his hatred of the beard and represented himself as unkempt and dirty in comparison with this "barbered" Christianity.

Julian was mortally wounded by an arrow in battle with the Persians, and one of the graphic things in Roman history is the dying speech of Julian, which is generally accepted as authentic. Gibbon gives rather a pompous translation:

> Friends and fellow-soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety, and I accept, as a favor of the gods, the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. . . . I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. . . . I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign.

If you have no time to read anything else, read Henrik Ibsen's double drama, "The Emperor and Galilean." Ibsen has stayed very close to the record. You will find the original of his story in Gibbon's History of Rome. Although a skeptic, Gibbon was under the traditional misrepresentation of Julian. Dean Millman, in his History of Christianity, has given a very interesting and fair estimate of Julian, who was a liberal in religion and did something to inject the permanent elements of the classic world into Christianity.

QUESTIONS.

1. Outline briefly the accomplishments of Constantine.
2. Describe his adoption and encouragement of Christianity.

3. Does the "Donation of Constantine" survive in the political economy of the Roman Catholic Church today?
4. In what way did Julian acquire his kingdom?
5. What was Julian's attitude toward Christianity?

THE BOOKLOVER

The Way of Divine Union

Of books about Mysticism there are many just now, some of them wise, some otherwise, but from each one we may glean grains of truth if we have eyes to see. Yet one fears that this revival of interest in the masters of the Inward Way is largely a matter of intellectual curiosity—nothing more. At least, it is one thing to tabulate experiences and formulate theses, and another thing to make trial ourselves of those deep and daring ways of spiritual adventure. Mysticism, as a theory, is of little worth save as it may point the way: the vision is for him who puts truth to the test.

What is mysticism? Most of those who try to define it mystify us, presenting as something complex and involved what is as natural as love and as simple as the prayer of a child. Mysticism, said sweet Florence Nightingale, is only a big word for the truth that the kingdom of heaven is within us. It is another name for spirituality—the life of God in the soul of man, which is surely nothing remote, alien or strange. If a man has any religion at all that is not mere tradition, he is, in so far, a mystic, the difference between him and Francis of Wesley being only a difference of genius and spiritual culture. Whoso lifts his heart in prayer, trusting the love of God and listening for his whisper in his heart, is an initiate into that eternal mysticism which is the soul of religion, as it is glory and prophecy of all human life.

Three books lie before me as I write, all books of rare quality, albeit differing from each other as one star differeth from another in glory. The first is "Mysticism and Modern Life," by J. W. Buckham (Abingdon Press, New York), a work as fine in its scholarship as it is sympathetic in its insight—one of the best brief surveys of the subject I have so far seen. Perhaps the least valuable part of the book is that dealing with modern cults, such as Health Mysticism, and the vague blur called Cosmic Mysticism, not because the pen of the writer fails of skill, but because the movements are, for the most part, abortive efforts of materialism to wear the robe of mystical faith. The author saves the best wine of his feast for the last, especially the section dealing with lessons from the Mystics and the treasury of mystical literature.

Of high quality also is "The Meaning and Value of Mysticism," by E. Herman (The Pilgrim Press, Boston), so well known and admired by the readers of the London *Christian World*, known also for her study of Eucken and Bergson. This book is of a class with "Mysticism" and "The Mystic Way," by Evelyn Underhill (E. P. Dutton Co., New York), albeit a little nearer the evangelical tradition. It is well written, marked by keen and forceful thinking, by a fine religious instinct, and by fresh and often exquisite phrasing. One must need stop and underscore strikingly original sayings on almost every page. None the less, one has always the feeling that the author writes more from the outside than from the inside of her subject, though this may be only a feeling and not a fact. But she is surely right when she says on the closing page of her thoughtful and fruitful study:

> Torn by conflicting philosophies and theologies, lured by a thousand will-of-the-wisps of pseudo-mystical cults, helpless between a world that has lost its way and a church which seems bereft of all power to guide, where shall the soul find anchorage and renewal? The great company of Christian mystics answer, in personal, sacramental, unbroken communion with Christ. And we know they speak truly. Such communion can remake the soul; it can recreate the church. It is the soul of Mysticism, the secret of its high wisdom, the impulse of its divine adventure.

There should be no need to say that if I prize most highly the last book to be named, I do not disparage those already mentioned. Far from it. But "The Way of Divine Union," by A. E. Waite (Rider and Son, London), is far and away the finest study of the mystical quest of man for God in our day—nor is my estimate biased by the fact that the author is a dear personal friend. For thirty years, and more, he has been an absorbed student of the deeper life of the soul, led thereto by certain deep experiences in his own life, which he seldom mentions, but which give the right to speak with authority. He is, besides, a poet of no mean order, by genius a sacramentalist to whom the world is an infinite parable and life the very breath of the Eternal, and, it need not be added, one of the most remarkable scholars of our time.

My friend does not write after the American fashion, "hot off the bat," but in a quiet, leisurely manner, investing his pages with the atmosphere of his subject, and always with such lucidity as his theme admits of. Critical but sympathetic, nobly catholic, there is about him an air of serenity and sanity which makes him a sure guide and a dear teacher of faith. He is the greatest living master of all things occult, and yet he it is who has shown the sundering difference between mysticism and occultism—a bottomless gulf of which not many are aware. No brief notice such as this can give even an inkling of the depth, range and richness of his volume just named—which is only one of many of like kind—but if one will approach it by way of his poetry, a whole hemisphere of wise and good and beautiful truth will be revealed.

Hereof is a taste of a stream of bright water, a glimpse of an unseen Beauty hallowing the world, a token of things unspeakable and of a Secret so simple that we overlook it. Beyond the symbol of the old beliefs stretch the great fields of a sweeter, sunnier, more fruitful faith, where God walks with men in the cool of the day. There is a higher, larger life than we ever yet have lived, a fellowship with the Eternal sweet and profound to which each is invited, and a Companionship to hallow our fleeting life even to its last, ineffable homeward sigh.

Cedar Rapids, Ia. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

PRAESTANTIA.

Who gazed upon the king could scarcely deign
A glance at him wrapped in his hermit weeds;
When David's harp sent forth its heavenly strain,
Earth's minor chords were piped on broken reeds!

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO L. RICE.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

WHAT GAIN IS THERE IN WAR?

Utterly Futile in an Officer's Eyes.

This letter was addressed to a friend by a company officer "somewhere in France." It was printed in the *Venture*:

Dear ——:—I have been meaning to write you for many days, but haven't found time. I am at last a comfortable distance behind the firing line in fairly good billets. We expect to stay here till December 11.

The rest and peace are welcome, though rest is hardly a good word for it, as they work us pretty hard morning and afternoon with route marches, drill and military exercise of various kinds.

You asked me to enlarge on some remarks I made when I was back the other day, on the futility of war. I will try and put down what I meant.

When I said "futility," I was hardly using the word at the moment in its most practical sense. What was in my mind was the huge unnecessary waste of life, of the lives of happy, healthy men, with consequent misery to those who loved them, for no gain of any sort to humanity.

I have seen six months now of continuous trench warfare and latterly of heavy fighting. It has not upset my nerves or my health; it has chiefly disgusted me, apart from its interest as a game of skill.

What I have felt chiefly about the war is its vileness and its out-of-dateness. It has seemed to me so ludicrously out of place in these civilized days that at the worst moments the incongruity has almost made me laugh.

More and more I have felt it to be a child's game played by those who had pretended to be grown up.

I can understand the justification of murder where there is some strong personal motive more easily than I can understand the justification of war.

War is simply wholesale underhand murder—(it is essentially and on principle underhand)—continuing until the misery caused on one side is so much in excess of the misery caused on the other, that an alteration in certain national boundaries is agreed to and there ensues the misery of a peace following extreme exhaustion.

The above is commonplace and obvious and deals rather with the moral aspect of war than its futility. But I stick to futility. War, I think, morally futile, because I do not believe at all in the romantic view of it; i. e., in the good qualities which it is supposed to breed.

It is true that it tests men, like plague, shipwreck, famine, or any other adversity, but in doing so it does not make the good qualities that come to light, it merely makes them apparent.

No man in his senses would advocate the occasional sinking of a liner, or the inoculation of a disease, in order to promote heroism and self-sacrifice, yet justification of war on such ground is equally indefensible.

With regard to the feelings of the men out here in moments of crises, I should say that they were much simpler than the story writers would have you believe.

The average Tommy is very simple, because he's so unthoughtful and wanting in imagination and all capacity for self-analysis. . . . I never cease to wonder at him. He's so elementary and stupid in many ways and yet such a good fellow.

Normally he is either in a state of being aggrieved and dissatisfied, or is rowdily cheerful. His mania at all times for kicking about a football is quite astonishing.

So far I haven't said much in his favor, but there is a great deal to be said. When suffering and endurance are really necessary, he suffers and endures without a mumur. Also he has an instinct for saving life, and his gallantry and kindness in succoring wounded comrades are beyond reproach.

As for stretcher-bearers, I hardly like to talk about them for fear of being extravagant. Early on in training men are selected pretty much at random for stretcher-bearers and are taught first aid, etc. When they get to work out here, a mantle of heroism seems to descend upon them.

Really my company stretcher-bearers seem to me one and all to be Heroes with a very large H. Their bravery, their self-denial and their devotion to duty have been simply beyond words—and almost all company commanders will tell you the same.

This has been a digression. I must get back to "futility" and polish it off.

With regard to the wicked and ugly waste caused by the war, I suppose nobody can quite realize it who has not seen, as I have, hundreds and hundreds of corpses—our best stuff most of them, our bravest and healthiest youth—lying unburied where they fell, putrid and blackening. It's a filthy sight. I have hated seeing it, and it has made me

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more than ever furious at the folly of war.

Well, where is the gain for which all that ugly slaughter, with the misery it has made, is the price? There should be a big gain to justify it. As far as this war is concerned, I think myself that in the circumstances that had arisen it was unavoidable.

But those circumstances should never have arisen. I hope and pray that the world may wake up from its madness, as from a bad dream, and that this may be the last war, but I haven't much faith in any such happy prospect.

Those who have fought and survived will come home slightly brutalized, but otherwise just as they were, and they and people in general will soon forget the waste and black murder aspect of this foul thing, whereas the newspapers and literary glorification which always accompanies a war, will have sounded a note which will go on ringing for generations.

My only real hope lies in the probability that a war twenty years hence will be entirely a matter of flying machines and poisons. It's almost certain that methods will be discovered of destroying life by chemical gases or otherwise over vast areas at a time, and then if politicians disagree either one nation will swiftly exterminate another or civilization will give up this insane method of settling disputes.

As for this war, I suppose nobody out of Bedlam dreams that there can be any gain to anybody from it. On the contrary, it must result for all in great loss and years of suffering. At best an even greater possible peril to humanity may have been removed.

But that only if a pernicious mental disease has not been spread from Germany to other countries! Are you quite sure that we have not begun to catch it? I am not. I can see that in some ways we are more Hunish than we were.

Well, I've written you a fearful long screed, and it's late and I must go to bed.

I am having a pretty good time here. I am billeted in a farmhouse and the country round is rather jolly.

I forgot to say that shooting Germans at a reasonable distance feels exactly like shooting pheasants. Also that Tommy Atkins and Fritz have no personal dislike for each other. They would cross to each other's lines and fraternize tomorrow if it were possible.

It happened last Christmas and during January, and will happen again unless the authorities, as is possible, make strenuous efforts to keep the game of hate going. Ever yours.

IMPRISONED.

Within my heart some hopes there are,
Like captive birds, that flit and sing,—
Yet beat against their prison walls,
And long to mount on loftier wing.

I dare not set the door ajar,
For well I know if once they fled,
My heart an empty cage would be,
And all life's music, hushed and dead.

—*Alice Lewis Cook.*

WHEN THE LITTLE FELLER GRINS.

They ain't much to a baby,
Till it gets to know yer face
An' pesters till you take it
An' lug it 'round the place.
An' grapples at yer whiskers
With pudgy-wudgy hands,
An' sez a lot o' gurgles
Its mother understands.
An' the time a gran'dad's gladness
And tickledness begins
Is when th' little feller
Looks up at him an' grins.

His grin shows that he knows ye,
And trust ye as a friend—
A baby isn't growed up
An' never can pretend!—
His eyes has honest twinkles
An' somehow you know they start
From 'way down in th' goodness
That's beatin 'in his heart.
It's confidence he gives you
Without no outs and ins,
When he begins to dimple
An' looks at you an' grins.

They ain't much to a baby,
But in its grin you know
You're seein' lots o' sunshine
You lost long, long ago;
It makes you feel religious—
A baby's heart is clean,
An' when it gives its favor
Its purpose isn't mean—
You think the Lord's forgiven
A hull lot o' your sins
When that fat little feller
Looks up at you an' grins.

—*William D. Nesbit.*

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A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF

Here are some of the big things that Poet Lore has done. This list, without further comment, shows why Poet Lore is the only magazine in America that is indispensable to all those readers who are on the lookout for *new* genius the moment it appears, instead of waiting to fall into line after this genius has been discovered by others. Read this list carefully.

In 1889 Poet Lore pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1891 Poet Lore made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg.

In 1892 Poet Lore brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Bjornson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Bjornson himself.

In 1893 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.*

In 1894 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

In 1895 there appeared in Poet Lore Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides."

In 1897 Poet Lore brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann.

In 1898 Poet Lore published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 Poet Lore contained a story of Selma Lagerlof.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of Poet Lore.

In 1903 the readers of Poet Lore were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux.

In 1904 Poet Lore began the publication of Gorky's plays.

In 1905 Poet Lore was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 Poet Lore presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by Poet Lore.

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